WOODWIND

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As usual there are a lot of people to thank for making this issue:
The cover is reprinted from the Berkeley Barb, with thanks also to Corpus, Razzberry Preserves, and The Daily Planet for reprinted matter.
Locally, the contributors are Judy Willis, Ron Willis, Ruth Stenstrom, Stephen Allen Whealton, Lee Arthur, J. D. Meyers, M. Rutt, Allen Nels on, Sue Tichey, David Watt, Kinga Dessauer, Biker, Grace Cavalieri, Mark Loewinger, Jesse Lou McCarty, Susan Forbeing, Smiling Lori, and the good people who are keeping us going through their support and encouragement.
Richard Harrington, editor.

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ONLY YOU CAN HELP US- BUILD BROADEN IMPROVE

WE NEED CASH TO KEEP GOING AND GROWING!

Sometimes, subtlety is not the best policy. Fact is, WOODWIND is in need of money. Not having much of it, we have been forced to work around certain necessities, like proper layout equipment. We have only recently acquired a telephone, and we still have no office. Security has not been the mainstay of the paper. Still, we have appeared more or less regularly, on time, and with, we think, increasing proficiency and good looks. We have been lucky to find many talented writers, photographers, and artists coming to us. But not having an office has made easy communication very difficult. WOODWIND is now here in a renewed capacity---to firstly bring attention to and provide a forum for local creative talent, and secondly, (and most recently) to also reprint articles of interest from other papers around the country. Additionally, though WOODWIND started out as a Washington paper, it is now our hope to be a Washington-Baltimore paper. So, we expand, both in scope and range. Money would help like crazy. We don't want to become affluent, we just want to be able to relax and concentrate on the business of putting out as good a paper as we can. And from there, we can only get better.

If you can help,
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Listen Christian

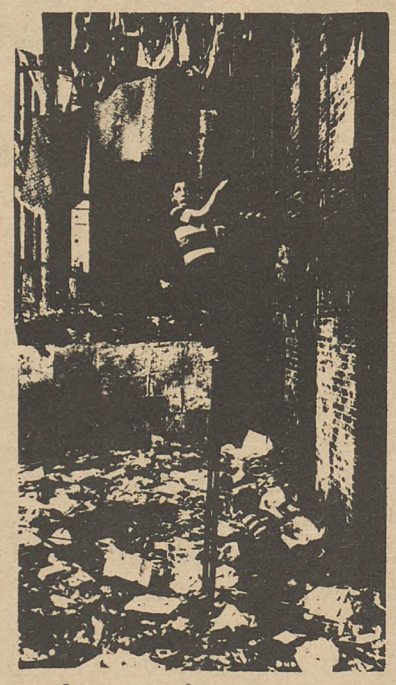
I was hungry and you formed a humanities club and discussed my hunger.
Thank you.

I was naked, and in your mind
you debated the morality
of my appearance.

I was sick
and you knelt and thanked God
for your health.

I was homeless
and you preached to me of the
spiritual shelter of the love of God.

I was lonely
and you left me alone
to pray for me.



I was imprisoned
you crept off
quietly and prayed
for my release.

You seem
so close to God.
But
I'm still very hungry,
and lonely,
and cold.

Thank You

reprinted from RAZZBERRY PRESERVES

the clinic

A CONSTRUCTION OF COMMENTS
by the People Who Work There
edited, and with commentary, by
Richard Harrington
Part One-of a three -part construction

"A very important thing about this clinic is that it's a learning experience. It's a place where medical staff and people can come to feel like human beings. It's not a clinic involved with the hospital, where they know they can't relate. Here they have to begin talking to people, talking to the administrators, and trying to seek a level other than that of professionalism, towards a more equal level between patient and doctor.

People can come here to work ,to feel that they're doing something responsible; people feel that they're growing and learning and they're training. You know, we're not middle class carbage, the throw up of a middle class. It's important for people to feel that they're beginning to do something for themselves. It radicalizes the medical profession. People come here, doctors who are on the fringe, some doctors who are more radical than others. They learn, they develop new concepts, and they learn the idea of Free Clinic. And it's important, because from this come new ideas for Communal Care."

Alex Fox

The Free Clinic is in the basement of the Church on the corner of Volta Place and Wisconsin Avenue, a point that often marks the beginnings of the Georgetown Strip.. .The Clinic has always been there, though that always extends itself only a few years back, to 1968.

"In the spring of 68, Steve Brown, who was a community doctor, got together with some people(Judy Seckler, Bobbi & Robin), got together with the Lutheran Social Services and Georgetown clergy in order to get space, and sent out a couple of thousand letters to doctors at NIH and places like that in order to get them down here and have a meeting here at the Church. We started out with one examining room-administration room, and we finagled the supplies; we got certain supplies from the Upshur Street Public Health Clinic because they knew we were taking a load off them, that we were worthwhile. Then, psychiatrist Rick Galbis got involved, and we got set up.

It took about eight months before we built up---sometimes we only got three or four patients a night, and the doctors didn't come because there were no patients, and the patients didn't come because there were no doctors. It took time for the word to get around. Then, after eight months, ten people a night started coming, and we had a doctor every night. Then, three months later, we had twenty-five to thirty people a night; now it's sixty people a night; and we have six administrators, three doctors a night(at least), a pharmacist, two nurses, two psychiatrists, a counselor, an abortion counselor, draft counselor, a lawyer who'll take any kind of case(these people are there every night). We have a lab and we train our own lab technicians, we train our counselors and screeners, and we try to take care of all community people. It was started with the concept that there was need for a community place that's created by the people, and where the people can feel that they are responsible for themselves. We're trying to bring an end to protestors going out and ending up in their mother's arms the next day; it's something to make people feel responsible for their lives, as if they're not being controlled.

We're trying to make this a total environmental clinic. We've got a health-care booklet we just finished, and we're getting together a street-first-aid booklet and we're starting courses within the month. And we're having a meeting to go around the communes, we're starting a health-care team, sort of like a medical cadre, to build a sense of community and togetherness so that communes don't feel so alone..." Alex

Struggle is a word. Too often, it has been synonomous with the life of the Clinic---
"We're going broke. We have money for a drug program(a drug-education program), but that won't support the clinic. We need money, desperately. We need supplies, desperately. We need space, we need a building because we're running out of space. We have a chance in the fall to start a dental program- if we can get the space. We need money to keep us going."

If you looked into the pharmacy, you might get the impression that there was an abundance of supplies. Paul, the pharmacist. describes the prevalent diseases:
"Pregnancy, and trying to avoid it. And coughs and colds, acne...It's a pretty dull clinical picture around here.

In a lot of ways, we're overstocked with drugs we'll never use, they're just not drugs we'd use with the age population of this clinic, or they're drugs doctors here are just not familiar with and are not likely to recommend."

the ideal of free community

And always, there is that sense of growth that is such a part of this venture:
"I'd like to see the clinic expand without a loss of sensitivity... The idea of Free Clinic is not to get everybody in DC to come here, the idea is to get other people to start their own free clinics, to get this into neighborhood community control. People, given the chance, will organize."

Paul

One service that has increased very fast is the Abortion Counseling. Most of the girls who counsel have a special burden. They have gone through it before and know what it is like to be confronted with an abortion. Because of this, they are perhaps better capable of handling the situation and comforting someone else.
"The condition that the girls come in- I really hate to put the blame on society, but if these girls were more educated, not just sex-educated, but if the girls were told what they could use, and made to feel that it could happen to them, if their mothers had told them what to do; most of these girls are going to go out and have sex whether their mothers tell them or not.

A lot of girls have the religious question come up, naturally. Is it right, or wrong? The Clinic can't really tell the girl, "Yes, it's right, or, No, it's wrong". You have to tell the girl what you think, kind of tell what's going to happen and everything, let her make up her own mind. If we pressure her in any way at all, she might regret it and put the blame on you or the Clinic or someone else. The girl has to completely make up her mind herself, and just because she comes to you asking for help doesn't mean she's already made up her mind. She's looking into the possibilities."

an abortion counselor

The Free Clinic, then, is a refuge for humane possibilities. It stands as a model of community care and involvement, an educational experience, a guidance center. But it takes care of more than just bodies. It services the needs of the mind, and consequently of conscience.
NEXT ISSUE: The Clinic's Role as psychiatric counselor, draft counselor, and friend.

SUMMER THEATER

The St. Albans Repertory Theater is in the midst of what could be labeled in hip terminology as a "heavy" summer season.

The SART Company, located at Garfield and Massachussetts Avenues, NW, is presenting Kerr's MARY, MARY, Williams' THE GLASS MENAGERIE Strindberg's MISS JULIE , and Beckett's ACT WITHOUT WORDS and ENDGAME.

The theater's physical structure is quite conducive to a summer theater program with air conditioning, plush seating, and above average acoustics. In fact, I believe the tern to use best in describing the theater from an audience stand-point is 'nice,' for this word ran far ahead in popularity to the words 'cute' and 'lovely' (words used by the incoming theater-goers as this reviewer waited for the curtain.)

SART also sponsors a school of theatrical arts within its summer program headed by director Bud Beyer running from July 6 through August 28.

Within the next lines I will write my observations and critique of the first three plays of the SART season in the order in which I saw the productions, one at a time (I would consider any other way confusing to the reader and utterly overwhelming to the writer.)

Traditionally in American Theater, at a pre-season meeting of producers and theater personnel, an individual will stand and declare that the season should be opened with a play that is bright and cheery, not a deep type of play - just some little bubble that entertains. Thus, seasons throughout the country are initiated with plays like NEVER TOO LATE, BAREFOOT IN THE PARK, and MARY, MARY.

Jean Kerr's MARY, MARY opened SART's 1970 season. The play is slick commercial writing using nondimensional technique. This unimaginative style is occasionally labeled on Madison Avenue as "formula writing".

The formula follows: find an unusual, but relative situation, add characters with enough weird idiosyncrasies to make a bad trip on LSD seem like a Sunday Afternoon riding Fletcher's ferry back and forth across the canal, and put the situation and characters in an unconventional place; stirring these ingredients with a mindless rod, one has --Bob McKelleway, weird (artist-type) writer, searching for an idea for his big novel; his wife, just plain Mary, country girl in the big city; Tiffany Richards, rich city girl with a health food hang-up and a need to help Bob; Oscar Nelson, Bob's accountant and in locis parenti; and Dick Winston, a has been or fading Hollywood actor who just happens to be a service buddy of Bob's and has dropped in for consultation on his first book. These characters are carefully brought together in a New York apartment and the story that unfolds is an obnoxious ball of fluff.

To relate the story line of this play would be a waste of space; however, be assured that all turns out well, although I still have troubled thoughts about the well-being of Dick Winston.

Within the limited scope of MARY, MARY, the SART production has problems. Michael Procaccino as Dirk Winston and Sus . Sharkey as Tiffany Richards are miscast. Mr. Procaccino has not the bravado, flare, nor the maturity that Winston's characters needs to work, and Miss Sharkey's Tiffany comes off as a high-school girl who is trying to act and dress like she thinks New Yorkers really are, instead of a chic, young socialite who knows what's happening. In playing Bob McKelleway, Ron Parady pulls stock gestures and facial grimaces from his acting experience and rides these to the end with too frequent repetition. In the lead role of Mary, JoAnne Jameson lacks womanly carriage and therefore, a great deal of her sarcasm is lost. At times, Miss Jameson seemed very ill at ease on stage, not knowing what to do with her hands or legs. Victor Grayson as Oscar Nelson moved with a reassuring command about the stage, and I enjoyed his subtle and underplayed moments.

The entire cast and the director are not aware of the difference between pacing and line speeding. The production did not have pacing, which is the rate of speed a play moves in order to give full value to the script. Moreover, the actors gave their lines so quickly that the performance could have been mistaken for a line speed rehearsl for sureness and quick cue pick-up.

The set and lighting added nothing to the production and, for me, they detracted. There was a gimmick in the set design, usinf large photographs for major set pieces (eg. bookcases, window), but it was half done with the photographs terribly out of proportion and at wrong angles.

The second show in SART repertory is Tennessee Williams' THE GLASS MENAGERIE. The contrasts between MENAGERIE and the first show, in script and production, are both amazing and gratifying. This is one of Williams' finer pieces of dramatic work and the SART company comes very closes to the play's renown.

The story is concerned with the Wingfields of St. Louis;, son, Tom; daughter, Laura; and mother, Amanda. All three live in their own dream worlds - Tom in a dream world of the future and adventure; Amanda in her past and by-gone youth; and Laura lives in a remote fantasy world of glass. A fourth character , Jim, the gentleman caller, is the embodiment of reality and increases the size of the puncture in the slowly collapsing Wingfield worlds.

Tom Wingfield supports his mother and sister as best he can by working in a warehouse in St. Louis. He moves in and out of the play as both the play's narrator and as a member of the Wingfield household. Tom is constantly taunted by his mother who sees the image of his father who deserted the famil several years previously.

Tom's mother, Amanda, is continually reliving the glorious past as she never tires of recounting her courting days in the Old South to her children. She hopes for the same grand courting for her daughter, Laura, a shy, fragile girl with a lame leg.

In Amanda's desperate pursuit for a suitor for Laura, She badgers Tom into inviting a fellow workerfrom the warehouse over for dinner. The gentleman caller, Jim O'Conner, arrives and things move along smoothly until he announces he is engaged. At O'Conner's exit, the Wingfields' dream worlds are laid bare by a reality, thus far eluded. Amanda flares at both her son and daughter, causing Laura to withdraw deeper into her shell of illusion and Tom to leave, never to return.

Marjorie Johnson's Amanda sparkles with the quality of a grand Sothern matron. Her energy sets the production at a sharp pace which continues to the end. Susan Sharkey, in the role of Laura, and Ronald Parady as the gentleman caller rendered exceptionally fine performances. Their scene in the living room during the second act was the high point of the show. Such dramatic quality is reached in few theaters anywhere.

Michael Procaccino's interpretation of the character, Tom, was for me a bit bewildering. It is a difficult role, for it demands that the actor move easily between the world of theaudience as spectator and the stage world as performer. Mr. Procaccino's stage Tom was flat and had the character at times sounding like a muling calf. As narrator, Mr. Procaccino was much too formal, getting caught up with the sound of words. There is a basic simplicity to Tom's charact er that never appeared in Mr. Procaccino's performance.

Director Ted Walch is to be commended for the company's fine ensemble playing.

It is difficult for me to believe that the production's set designer, Sally Cunningham read the play. If she had, she would have decided against a large Romanesque arch counter stage opening onto a lighted cycleramic curtain. Tom points up the fact through dialogue in the second act that the flat is his coffin. Seldom have I seen a coffin with such expanse. The decision to place Laura's glass menagerie in the strong position of center stage worked very well in moments, but hampered the actor's movements throughout the course of the play.

The third presentation on the summer bill from SART is a pair of Samuel Beckett's absurdist pieces, ACT WITHOUT WORDS and ENDGAME.

The evening was opened with ACT WITHOUT WORDS, a study of man's futility and frustration, with Bud Beyer as the Man and Tom Gardner as the Prop Man.

TheMan is thrust into a room and kept there by unseen forces. He is then presented with a series of simple form props for which he innovates uses to quell his desires, only to have the forces that be undermine his uses. This leads the man to frustration and a final realization of failure.

Mr. Beyer's performance was shallow, lacking conviction in his desires and discovery in his innovations. An essential for the character, Man, is subtleness of movement by means of physical control. Mr. Beyer fumbling about the stage pointed up an absence of control which lessened the effect of the piece's progression.

The evening's tour de force came in the second part of the program with SART's production of ENDGAME. It was refreshingly well done.

Beckett's ENDGAME is a play, is not a play, is a play, is not a play, and so on. This beautifully written piece answers the question 'Why?' with 'Why?'.

It is very difficult for one to write a brief synopses of a well-written absurdist play without having the keys to the typewriter jam with chaotic indecision.

ENDGAME involves the existence of four characters. Hamm, a blind man who presides center stage in a moveable chair; Clov, Hamm's Cretan-type servant; and Hamm's mother and father, Nell and Nagg, who reside on stage in garbage cans.

Over a broad sprectrum, I believe ENDGAME explores the human condition on existence by means of man's passions. Hamm lives out his mundane existence by carrying out acts of sadism toward the other members of this not so distant group. While each suffers terribly, there is a supernatural bond that holds them all without hope for escape.

Hamm, played by Ronald Parady, and Michael Procaccino in the role of Clov give superb pefformances with unusual depth and dimension. Their sharp contrast of charac er delineation and keen awareness of each other makes for a very exciting evening.

Victor Grayson as Nagg and JoAnne Jameson as Nell fair less well as the two feeble parents of Hamm. Both Mr. Grayson and Miss Jameson have difficulty maintaining a consistency of age and helplessness.

Bud Beyer's direction has given ENDGAME the tightness and sharpness it needs to be a well done absurdist play.

Miss Sally Cunningham, SART set designer, has a very workable set which compliments the production as does the music of John Fenstemaker and the costumes of Wren Cooper.

J. D. MEYERS

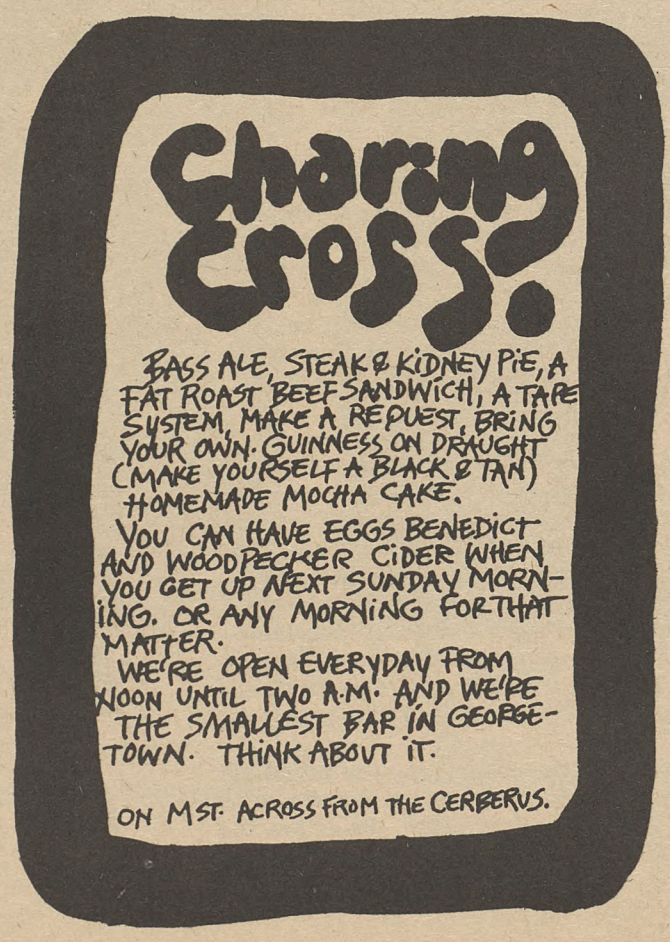

Charing Cross?
BASS ALE, STEAK & KIDNEY PIE, A FAT ROAST BEEF SANDWICH, A TAPE SYSTEM, MAKE A REQUEST, BRING YOUR OWN. GUINNESS ON DRAUGHT (MAKE YOURSELF A BLACK & TAN) HOMEMADE MOCHA CAKE.
YOU CAN HAVE EGGS BENEDICT AND WOODPECKER CIDER WHEN YOU GET UP NEXT SUNDAY MORNING. OR ANY MORNING FOR THAT MATTER.
WE'RE OPEN EVERYDAY FROM NOON UNTIL TWO A.M. AND WE'RE THE SMALLEST BAR IN GEORGETOWN. THINK ABOUT IT.
ON M ST. ACROSS FROM THE CERBERUS.

Photo by David R. Watt

RSVP

I recieved an invitation today.
One hundred dollars a plate.
Informal.
And I said "Well what if I don't want a plate?
What if I just want to stop death,
all kinds of death?"
My friend shrugged
and remarked that the invitation alone
cost more than her winter coat.
I just want to know where they got my name.
It was no gift.
Nowdays they use us to make mailing lists
instead of change.
I remember Pick Temple
who burned all those children's names
rather than stoop to this.
That corporate monster,
that capitalist machine,
turning hunger into profit,
burned names
rather than stoop to this.
Yes, yes,
your studies are very democratic.
But your minds are as small as death.

Well I will tell you something.
Death has grown large and shadowy.
It permeates everything.

Even you.

And my passion has gone beyond control.
"I'll write them the nastiest goddam letter!"
But what could I ever say to you?
We don't even have the same moon.
Yours is periodically inhabited by soldiers.

Mine moves oceans
and floods my soul.
And yes, when your cities go down
I will be there.
But I will hold myself above the ruin,
as does the cloud above a flood.
I can bear the movement.
I propogate it.
I can bear the pain,
though I would end it.

Your moon will last only as long as your empire.
Mine will chant eternally to all the waves of the earth.

FIREFLY

Firefly lying legs up on the floor,
were you injured?
I was not sure.
I raised you in my hand,
righted you,
waited for your flight.
You could not fly.
You would never fly.
So I played the god
and killed you.
What is a firefly without flight?
Yet,
what is flight?

Your body smeared across the floor,
your lamp still burning,
though legs and wings are scattered,
still burning when I try to sleep,
still burning when the moon sets,
still burning.

June 28, 1969

I SWEAR I AM NOT SLEEPING

But we forget the hardest nights.
We nurse that wild burning drive
and forget standing in line for our powers,
refugees of mental disaster
begging the crumbs to outlast the ravages of our own nature,
crying with our eyes closed,
holding on to the Red Cross in a bottle,
rolling out the storm
with an army of pills that is no man's salvation.
Now we are strong again.
Starved dogs, our minds crave experience
and crawl like crippled horses
towards a convenient vision
of banners waving above sweet pools of inspiration,
denying, when the time comes, its dissipation,
denying its parching claws.
Our denial is more vehement than our thirst.

We cannot speak without a sip from the imaginary water,
and we are pushed towards its illusive source
by our permeating fear
of that hour when the sun becomes so hot
that it consumes our steps
and burns away our thirst,
melting us into the comfortable arms of its warm sands
to the satisfaction of sleep, the easiest of sleeps,
a sleep with no dreams.

NO EDITING

Bonnie lives without an editor.
She offends those who know no mispelled words,
who have stumbled on no misplaced commas.
This is the manuscript of the classics.
(The best-sellers have burned their rough drafts.)
This is the penmanship of the author,
his own hand sprawling across his pages
like a child's urgent letters.
And those who know children,
and those who know the hand of the author
will not turn from her,
but smile at her blotted ink
and crumpled pages.
And if she is erased in the end,
her handwritting will be remembered,
if her words are not.

May 27, 1970

Poetry by
Sue Tichey

PENNSYLVANIA MEMOIR

Pine trees are straight trees,
very tall.
The lake was not blue.
It was gray and green and brown and rippled
when the wind blew.
There was little current
(it was an artificial lake.)
There was a crowded sand beach
and racoons.
We had fires,
many songs,
flashlights.
Here the streets are dirty.
The wind, if not stilled, smells of fish yards.
I miss you.

Long ago at the winter solstace,
last night,
this morning before breakfast,
you were real,
alive
and smiling inside me.
And all the people of the earth
sang, rejoicing
for us.
If you go,
you go lonely,
and it rains away your last day,
not caring for aspiration
any more than it might
for a waning sun
stretching away palely
without tears,
without complaints,
without reason,
without
you.

DEEP KNEEBENDS

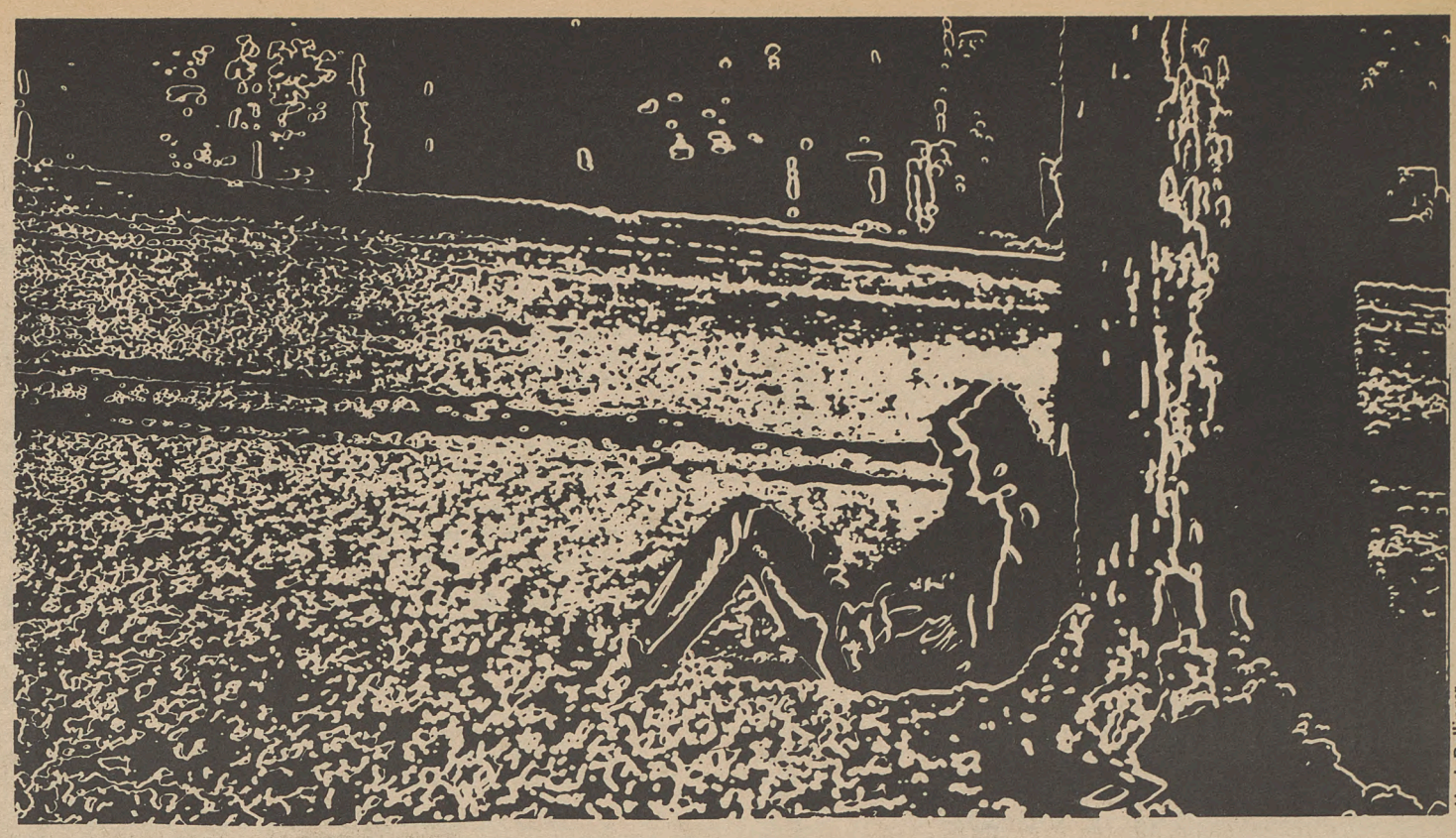
How long is
Imprisonment?

I never noticed
But beneath this sky
(This untenable one)
Tacked by bent nail
To the sun
(This perilous one)
There is sad news.

The last thing I want
To say is
Even grief gets boring
And ecstasy is seldom
Too good to be true
And what is it if
I can do magic
But not you
Or you can
And I can't
(Though we are all well made,
All together, apart)

The next to the last thing
I want to say is
Push The Buttons!
Enter each other's door!
Even if things are
What they seem
The fresh air will be good
For you.

Nevertheless.



Hugh Bollinger

TO STRANGERS WHO LOOK LIKE THEY DIE EARLY

Waiting for breakfast
Waiting for flights
The salesman from
Fayetteville
Took my pleasure
While I studied his
Bones

He had done it
In motels
Sixty five times
With sixty four girls
And had an apple tree
In his yard
Which never
Bloomed

You may take my lack
Of pretentiousness
For inconsequence
He seemd to say

I dreamed of going
Swimming
Away
Forgive me
I said
I never could laugh fast
I also play a piano
Slower than one can dance

He had met hills and
Conquered them
Invested
Outwaited his peers
Seen bright lights
In Dayton
While three children
Were back home

Hating me for knowing
His secrets
I surrounded him
Making it almost good
Since I don't like you
Perhaps I should do something
For you

His mind did sixty five
Into sixty six
Be frank about this thing
Before the waitress comes
Would you like to hear me sing?

VERY

What is the meaning of
VERY
One word now
You know the feeling
Too hot or too cold
Or the excess of killing
After which life must be
different
VERY
Vested with sweeping
violence

Authority is VERY
I am suspicious that
All corruption comes
Under it Beating you until
You love me
This is VERY and
Speaking historically
VERY
And the death of all mothers
Commune.
But
Readiness To Be like air
and soil
I bless myself with this
and you
Without conceit
We, like wheels, their
Spokes, turn evenly
from a middle
Can I lie and say I do
Not care if VERY goes
from us.

I do not have it.

THE CHILD BEATERS

What
Unpredictable migrations
this promise
Of those who
Lived through the worse
And now
Do it
to others
What good peace
After wars when murders
their tokens
are alive in our kitchens
The unloved are among us

It was written importantly
Before
I was born
SAVE
Written by a ghost
who is still alive
I cannot tell
what I now see
My wrist has died
for one who stammers
in fear
for one who is pleading
and begging
Another alone with a drugged mother
and a locked door
Feathers
left from
Dead birds remind us
of their lives
Or their deaths?

A child asked Santa for
tsetse flied to kill
His mother she broke his bones
He left pulled into crowds
what narrow window
does he stand by
what calliope plays
again and again
For what new Christmas season does he wait
with the wingspread of
dying.

Poetry by
GRACE CAVALIERI

GETTING STRAIGHT starts out by calling itself "a film by the organization" and generally, despite the acting abilities of Elliot Gould and Candice Bergen and some very high class photography by Lazlo Kovaks, lives up to the image of the film as a money-making commodity.

Taken from a novel by Ken Kolb, the story revolves around the last few days of the campus career of Harry Bailey (Elliot Gould), who in a state of perpetual debt has returned to grad school to get his masters and teaching credentials. Harry is deeply committed to getting his degree (2 days away) and hence is apathetic toward the brewing campus controversy, although we are told he was once active in the movement.

A nonconformist anti-hero, Harry's principles, his lack of funds and his idiosyncracies cause him to contend with his peers, his girl(Candice Bergen) suburbis, his car, his landlady, his girl friend's super-straight alternative love interest, his "dummy" English class and the educational establishment in typical Gouldian fashion, i.e. he always has something clever or outlandish to do or say in any situation.

But although GETTING STRAIGHT has its fill of humorous situations and Gould gets to do a lot of funny things, the whole scene is totally superficial, unreal and unbelievable. Here is a film which claims to have something to say about the "generation gap," but instead gives us a watered-down, Hollywood standard, lip service version of "campus protest." This happens to be a small crowd of cheerleading types carrying campy signs and shouting inocuous slogans, and , of course, from out of the blue this leads to instantaneous police confrontation (a bit hard to believe) complete with blood and helicopters and followed no less, by the occupation of the campus by the National Guard. Where the film could have said something very meaningful in this context, it had nothing to say at all--which was said in very ambiguous terms. One wonders where producer-director Richard Rush has been.

If anything saves the movie, it's Elliot Gould as he adds some audacity to the stream of events when he finally confronts the legitimacy of the English Department during his oral examination. This tour-de-force of cataclysmic proportions is the most radical in the picture and has to be one of the most hilarious sequences on film today.

The film does have a couple of other social comments. Perhaps the most successful is an expose of comfortable suburban living, which is well taken. Also a minor stab is taken at the conflict of roles between make and female. Candice Bergen aptly reflects the dilemna of today's woman, seeking both individuality and security, whose needs (after sex) generally are neglected. ("If you're so goddam smart (to Gould), why can't you make me happy?") Her stormy sessions with Gould come close to reality.

The worst comment in the film was of the stereo-type draft-dodger, trying everything to get out. He was more of a running joke than a person, and again the film misses out on saying anything of consequence about youth today.

ruth stenstrom

SOME NEW FILM

Catch 22

by stephen allen whealton

Mike Nichols and Buck Henry have done it again. They have taken a good book, and made a good movie out of it.

It is not the kind of book I would have read. In fact, I did get several very strong recommendations to read the book, and I tried. I remembered the name, YOSSARIAN, and little else. I do remember that I had a lot of trouble getting into it. Regardless of how good it was or is, it is in a genre which is too much like Art Buchwald for me. For some reason, broad humor and the written word do not mix for me.

Broad humor and filmcan mix, however. Several books I can think of are definitely too broad in their writing style for my taste, and yet they have been made into movies which I liked. Mike Nichols and Buck Henry themselves did a creditable job with The Graduate.

CATCH 22 is not perfect, of course. Just read any runn-of-the-mill review of the film and you will see that it is much too crammed. It is, of course, too crammed. For those who read the book, nothing (so I read) is left out.

Other flaws are more individualistic. This or that actor or scene is not up to the generally high level of the film, etc. These flaws are probably present in most masterpieces, let alone average films.

What is the film about? What is it for? Why should you see it?

It is about war and it is against war. It is funny, though it makes it painfully clear that war itself is absolutely N O T funny. War, we are led to believe, is horrible, inexcusable, bad. I already knew that, but CATCH 22 reminds me in ways which I must pay attention to.

Alan Arkin plays YOSSARIAN, and he does it very very well. Yossarian is the central figure in the film? I guess he is. Anyway, he plays a bombardier who has a very reasonable notion that everyone is trying to kill him. As long as he has this notion, he is told, ihe is obviously too sane to be taken off duty.

Death, greed, idiocy, etc., etc., are served up in ways that make you watch them and take them in, even though you know they are coming. There are moments of other kinds of feelings, and they counterpoint the film well.

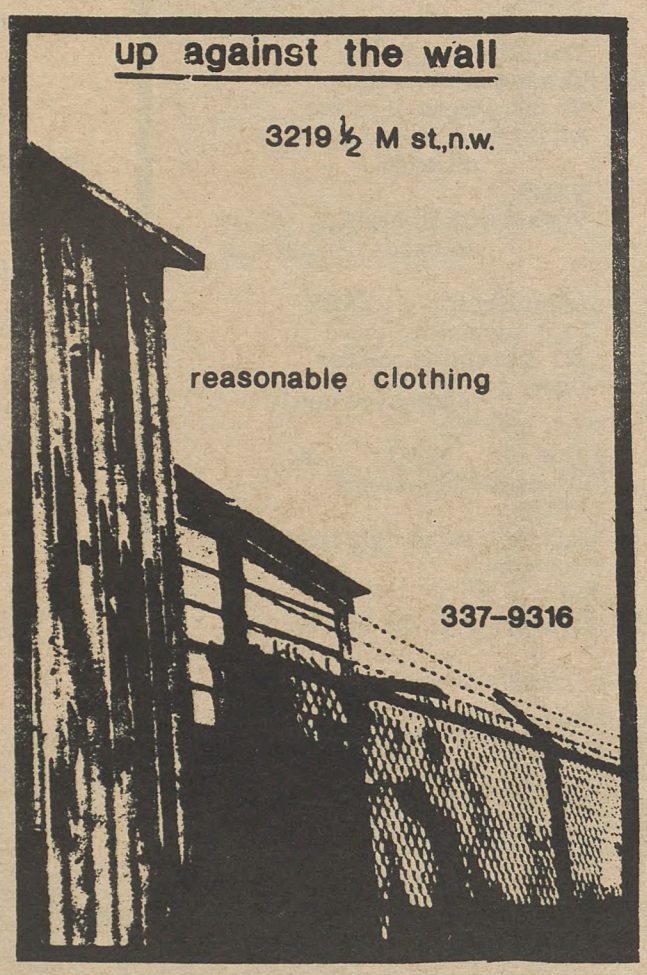
Milo, the super-capitalist, is very well played by Jon Voight. Martin Balsom and Buck Henry (who also did the screenplay) do very good jobs as well, playing the two who run the post. Orson Wells does very well in a part which calls for him to be absurdly over-done. It is surprising how often real life contains persons who are caricatures.

Art Garfunkle, Richard Benjamin, Paula Prentiss, and the guy who played the young boy who cheated Jon Voight in the movie theater john in Midnight Cowboy --- all of these do very well in their parts.

Not having been able to read the book, I cannot comment on the fidelity of Buck Henry's adaptation of Joseph Heller's novel. It is quite good, however, on its own terms. There are many technical marvels, which Nichols uses quite well. Overexposure has never been utilized more effectively, nor has a kind of overlapping flash-back. There are many scenes of visual beauty - a fact which Nichols uses to contrast the horror and ugliness of what is going on.

The film has been reviewed without a great and overwhelming acceptance. I liked it very much, though it seems long and if you are patently tired of films about war, maybe it won't please you, no matter how good it is. It is relentless, and it is powerful.

It is playing in Washington at the Cinema at 5100 WISCONSIN.



COTTON COMES TO HARLEM, a comic detective thriller, has gotten together top Black talent with some good material but somehow falls short of being a great picture.

Who could ask for more than Ossie Davis as director and co-writer, stars Godfrey Cambrige and Raymond St. Jacques as Gravedigger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson; Calvin Lockhart as a classy, phony evangelist and Judy Pace as his foxy roommate; and such supporting talent as Redd Foxx in a spirited cameo role, and recent Tony award winners Melba Moore and Cleavon Little--plus some catchy songs by Galt Mac Dermot?

While their efforts have created an entertaining and at time hilarious satire with guaranteed audience appeal, it is disappointing to see that the quality of the film was inconsistent, vacillating from excellent footage to B-picture vintage in terms of jumpy, bad camera work, fuzzy sound and poorly editted sequences.

The action revolves around the fate of $87,000, cached in a bail of cotton, which was stolen during a Back to Africa rally held by Calvin Lockhart, who in turn had conned the money from the community. The subsequent chase scene rivals very few in terms of itsentertainment value.

Enter police detectives Digger and Coffin Ed to find whodunnit, expose Lockhart and to return the money to the community--both are unlikable though principled and neither of them develops much of a character. They are off set by Lockhart and foxy Judy Pace who pulls off one of the most uproarious seduction scenes with her captor police sergeant imaginable.

The twists and turns from mass demonstrations to a cotton pickin' strip tease make for an enjoyable evening. For what it is , it's good.

Imagine an opening credit which thanks Max Rafferty's California school system for its cooperation and mentions that other people were not a "cooperative", apparently finding strawberries irrelevant. You can't often top the U.S. film industry for mind-boggling collaborations.

Flash on to the film. Simon James' first lines are addressed to the cockroaches infesting his kitchen. They are compared to guerilla warriors. Simon places a glass over one of the insurgents and a scrap of food. Call it art, this scene. Somehow , I enjoy the image of an airless world inhabited by a breed of bug quite likely to outlive its glass house.

STRAWBERRY STATEMENT is an MGM production about James Simon Kunen's book about the 1968 Columbia U. student strike and other interesting topics. Kunen himself lands a bit part in the film as a leader of the striking "pukes" at an anonymous, chapel-like administration building in San Fransisco. Mr. Kunen may have been steered away from the lead because he lacks the clean, bronzed porcelain features of Bruce Davison. Maybe, too, the author retreated from the first taints of what was hitting the fan.

Not that the film is bad. Or good. Others have performed the chore of psychic masturbation for radical youth and with less skill. My complaint is that STRAWBERRY STATEMENT lacks artful meaning. And it is a movie, with strikers who are actors and cops who are actors, not a documentary. I'm going to say that street-fighting is so real to many of us, and protests so much a part of the daily present, that a documentary approach makes for more compelling drama. I have in mind Resnais' NIGHT AND FOG, which catalogues the terror of Nazi atrocities in the Warsaw ghetto. Also, the short feature by Grady Watts recently seen at the Biograph, on the November Moratorium (including the militancy at Dupont Circle.)

Norman Mailer has a thought worth sharing about the decay in the art of meaning. He writes , "As cultures die, they are stricken with the mute implaccable rage of that humanity strangled within them... as it dies, a civilization opens itself to the fury of those betrayed by its meaning, precisely because that meaning was not sufficiently true to offer a life adequately large. The aesthetic act shifts from the creation of meaning to the destruction of it."

Obviously, STRAWBERRY STATEMENT deals with a single battle, in one arena, between the forces of two cultures---or between a young culture-in-the-womb and a largely cultureless economic force. One temper feels betrayed and strangled by another which has the power, precedent, and the self-dread, to inflict its brand of truth. Such a stark battleground has little to offer in the way of humor; and whereas there is art to fighting the good fight, this particular fight is too nasty and brutally confused to allow us much savour of the complex, not always partisan responses of art.

The film shifts from Simon's roach-ridden apartment to the front of the administration building where Simon films cops and students, imagines himself as strike-leader, notices a girl (Kim Darby) , and decides on the spur to join the strikers inside. Once inside the besieged office of the president (whom we see only once, bullhorning the occupants to leave), Simon finds himself assigned to the food patrol, brushes his teeth in presidential fluoride (while Kunen is overheard playing the parlementarian), meets Miss Darby, fixes a Xerox machine which will be used to copy evidence of university collusion with industry- real estate- utility companies, and escapes with the lady through a crowd of angry jocks to get food. (A grocer, amazingly, for we have no hint that the strike has spread beyond the ears of the students, invites them to take what they like, pretending it's a robbery to collect his insurance.)

enough. But his decision to substitute "pregnant" images for issues can be deceptive. For instance, the camera focuses on many revolving images (good enough, for

A pretty slick series ot events, all right. And Israel Horovitz's dialogue tresspasses the borders of belief. Clearly he and the director, Stuart Hagmann, have no attention but the best of intention; which means the scene and the actors are unconvincing puppets, pleasant enough to look at and not without a frail inner beauty, but operated by an Invisible Hand (the MGM lion's paw, maybe?) which mouth cotton words into limp wash-and-wear action. Hagmann has an attentive eye for the trappings but little insight for the soul of his students. We're alternately diverted by a guerilla theater, a film clip of Bobby Kennedy, a pop (Mainly Crosby, Stills, etc.) sound track, a head shop, and Simon's rap about drugs (he's "shot H and everything") to Kim (she hasn't).

After a night with the strikers, Simon rushes off to his crew practice. The crew rows by a big Navy submarine. Get it? There is an ass-slapping shower scene, Simon thinks about Kim, listens to a teammate call him a liberal communist, convinces his roommate he might as well join the strike what with all the chicks there, and meets Kim again, who is wondering about the depth of his radical fervor (though she comes across as no oracle) when he can continue to leap the barricades to row a boat. The rebellious pair breaks up for a while.

So it goes. Hagmann has strained at the photography with the energy of a dervish. Much of it is pleasant

AND MORE

revolutionaries). The circle is used to connect somehow Simon and Kim's romantic life in the city with that of the strikers. Buffy Sainte-Marie sings "Circle Game" at the outset. The oars at crew practice are made to whip around the screen like furious spokes. Simon looks at the sky from the administration roof, and suddenly we see little solar systems of suns all in rotation. Students trap some cops in a playground and spin them around on the rides. And in the climactic scene, several hundred strikers have massed in concentric circles of the floor of the disputed gymnasium.

When the cops are called in to make The Bust, anguish and brutality are made quite painfully real. The end has Simon tumbling slow-motion toward Kim and into the arms of a small squad of police, suggesting, I guess, the prolonged, time warped frustration of the Struggle.

We knew this scene was coming. There was no other exit. Hagmann and company devoted considerable effort and daring to recreate it so well. My regret is that so much of the film's power was siphoned off in the artless, numbing nothingness of a single scene we'll all see enacted again for real in the news. Assuming that non-documentary film-making has something to do with the recesses of art which lie in the nuances of plain fact, and with awakening new domains in the mind, I hope for attempts to point out and create new meanings rather than rework a wasted land of dead value, which, anyway, honest documentaries can capture with more impact.

Sure, it's hard. But I found Kunen's book ironically aware and vulnerable in its freewheeling cynical way. In fact, I felt a new, artful kind of human presence which this film doesn't impart to Simon James. Except for the cockroaches, I mean...

You'll join me, perhaps, in presuming Hollywood hasn't nearly exhausted its schedule of marches into the lucrative radical market. Me, I'm waiting to hear that someone has bought the rights to SOUL ON ICE.

Lee Arthur

Violence is the last refuge of the Incompetant

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MON., JULY 13 & TUES., JULY 14th PROGRAM #3 — 2 FORGOTTEN MASTERPIECES Hitchcock's "The Lady Vanishes" (1938) and Cocteau's "Beauty & The Beast" (1949)

WED. ONLY JULY 15 PROGRAM #4 — 2 FABULOUS RUSSIAN FILMS Parajandhov's psychedelic "Wild Horses Of Fire" (1965) Color "Ballad of Love" (1966)

THURS., July 16th THRU SUN., JULY 19th PROGRAM #5 — Truffaut's JULES & JIM Camus' BLACK ORPHEUS Life and Love celebrated in two popular films

MON., JULY 20th & TUES., JULY 21 PROGRAM #6 — THE MARX BROS. MEET THE SERIAL QUEENS "Room Service" (1938) "The Story Of The Serials"

WED. ONLY JULY 22 PROGRAM #7 — THE PROTEST CINEMA Theodore J. Flicker's "The Troublemaker" (1964) and excerpts from Pinter's "The Caretaker"

THURS., JULY 23 & FRI., JULY 24 PROGRAM #8 — 2 NEGLECTED MASTERPIECES Max Ophul's uncut classic "La Ronde" (1950) and Dietrich as "The Blue Angel" (1930)

SAT., JULY 25th THRU MON., JULY 27 PROGRAM #9 — THE EXOTIC BERGMAN "The Seventh Seal" (1957) "Wild Strawberries" (1958)

TUES. ONLY JULY 28th PROGRAM #10 — AMERICAN PREMIERE Arne Sucksdorff's "My Home Is Copacabana" (1970) with David Lean's original "Oliver Twist" (1947)

WED. ONLY JULY 29th PROGRAM #11 — NEW CINEMA II Shorts by Godard, Boroczyck, and others, including Playboy's Hugh Heffner Exposed—"The Most"

THURS. ONLY JULY 30th PROGRAM #12 — EROTICISM IN SWEDISH CINEMA Witchcraft Through The Ages" (1922) Ingmar Bergman's "Monika" (1952)

FRI., JULY 31st THRU TUES., AUG. 4th PROGRAM #13 — KING KONG (1932) In its original 35mm uncut version plus Keaton, Fairbanks, et al. "The Great Chase" (1964)

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FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE—PLEASE CLIP AND SAVE

THE LANDLORD is one of the finest native films to appear in recent years. Directed by Hall Ashby from a script by William Gunn, the film is an often-funny, but essentially poignant study of innocence and pride. The innocence belongs to Beau Bridges as Elgar Enders, the 29-year-old rich kid who buys a slum tenement with the idea of converting it into a bachelor retreat. The pride is manifested by the blacks who dominate the film, both physically and spiritually . Bridges finds himself increasingly involved in the lives of his tenants. There is Marge (Pearl Bailey), the motherly spirit of the building, forever offering her advice and her food---Fanny (Diana Sands) who eventually will suffer from a casual encounter with Elgar ---and there is Lannie (Marki Bey) who , in having to choose between being black or white, has chosen the black world that Elgar understands so little of. It is indicative that Elgar falls in love with Lannie, whom he first thought was white. And other characters, like Elgar's mother (Lee Grant) conclude the seeming matriarchal domination of the story. Psychologists have long pointed up matriarchal inclinations of black society, and the ambivelance of such inclinations in conjunction with the emergence of black pride and unity are further reflected in the two major black male characters; Copee (Louis Gossett) suffers from a frequent identity crisis, while Professor Duboise (Melvin Stewart) channels his energy into instilling black awareness and black pride into young schoolchildren. Except for a few party scenes, the blacks are very believable characters, not the traditional stereotypes.

The white characters, on the other hand, (with the exception of Bridges), are comically carricatured as pompous, absurd, and unwittingly malicious. Elgar's family is a study of democratic decay. What, in the end, saves Elgar is his potential humaneness, which is as much the product of frustration as inclination.

The touches that enliven this film include openness (in expression of both good and bad feelings) and a lack of maudlin sentimentality. To describe the story denies its wonderful validity as a whole. THE LANDLORD is a beautiful film, a wonderful venture and is ever so much deserving of our attention.

RDH

HOMAGE TO RACHEL CARSON

11/50

j f sirica

Courtesy Georgetown Graphics

BAD TRIP

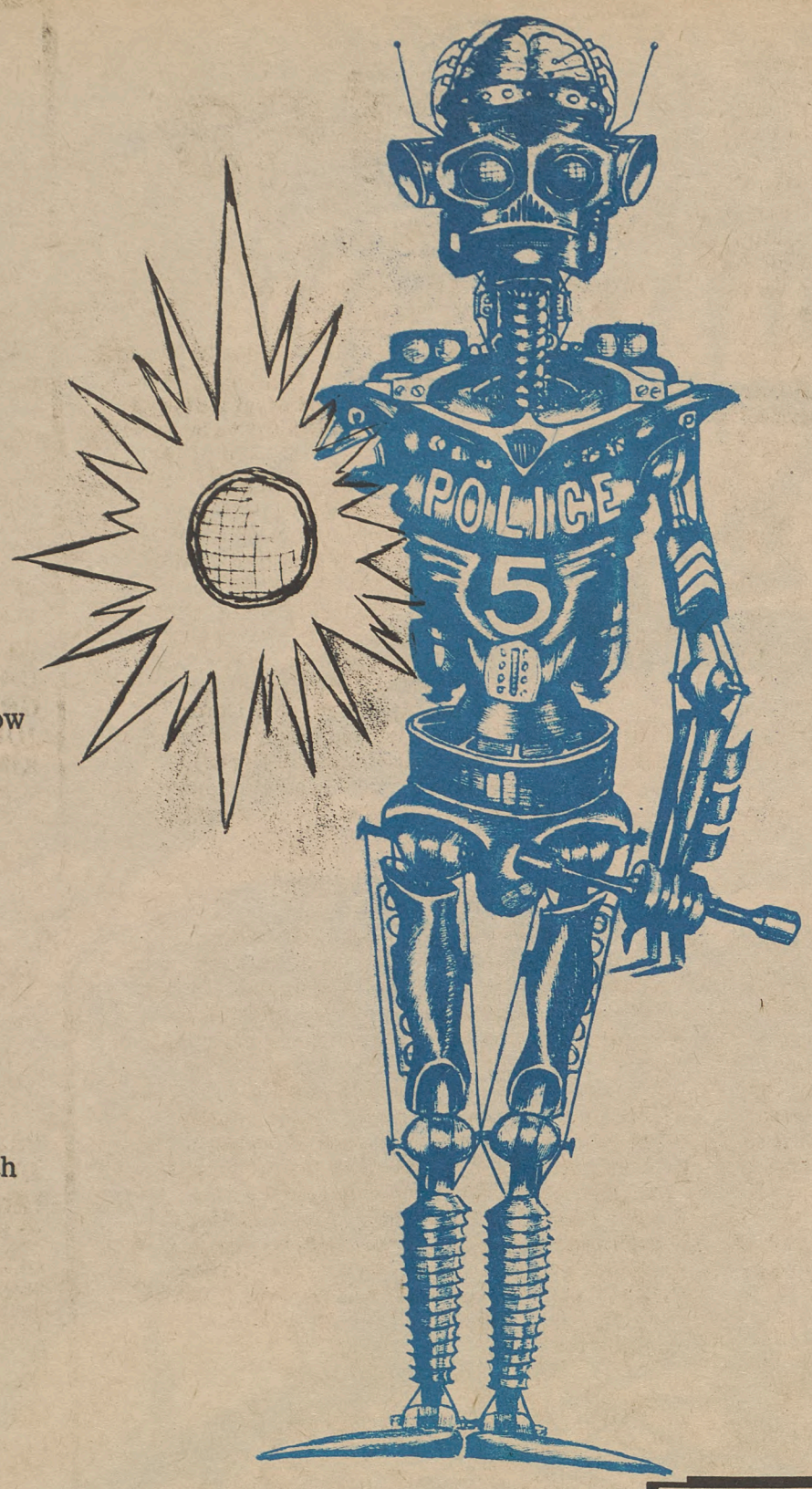
lay me down friend
lay me down buddy boy
I done got it
I got it bad
its through my gut and
I know its over
those shite-poke bastards
in Washington done me
in
cocksuckers
jesus christ,it hurts
jesus christ,it hurts
to be dying for Joel Broyhill

lay me down friend
lay me down so easy
Yankee bullet has
done me in
I hurt so much
and why?
where is my Peoples State now
where are the bastards who
sent me out here to die
sitting home with heaps of
rice on their plates
while the revolution for
me is only a deep

black hole

lay me down friend
lay me down so light
the pigs have shot my stomach
away
and I'm finished off for sure
tell my mom and pop there's
no BA for me
I had a peace sign but they
had M-16s
no more geology for me
just a billion tons of
crapping establishment
crushing me down
into a fossil
of a revolution that never was

its too late to learn when
your stomach's on fire
with lead



BRICK

I found a brick in the
street today
and saved it
I considered that I
might build a house
for me if I could
find a few thousand more
but then I read the evening paper
evening paper and
decided that it
would be better
to throw the brick
at a police station

but down at the police station
I found the truck that had
lost the brick
they were bricking up their
windows so I couldn't
throw bricks through them

RON WILLIS

Paraphernalia

Wisconsin Avenue at P Street, N.W.

notes

MURDER AT KENT STATE UNIVERSITY-
Flying Dutchman

Bob Thiele, who owns this record company, is carrying out a fantastic idea, that of audio-record-journals. That is, every three or four months he is producing a commentary on some item of significance politically or morally. First there was A NIGHT AT SANTA RITA, which dealt with the nightmarish experience of one newsman's being busted and jailed during the Berkeley riots. Then came MASSACRE AT MY LAI, which was a compound of New York Post columnist Pete Hammil's columns on that infamous incident. In each case, the form was the same. The commentary was read by Rosko, a well known air personality, ,with background jazz interpretation by James Spaulding(alto sax and flute) and Ron Carter (bass). Now Hammil has again contributed the text, this time on the events at Kent State University in May, and the rest of the personel again reappear. To say that these albums are excellent as well as important is a vast understatement. They are the kind of records that deserve airplay, and seldom find it. They should be heard, so, if possible, get it together and acquire these albums. They are the beginning of a far-ranging resolve of moral action by an often too-silent industry.

POCO- Epic

What a group. They blew everyone's mind during their recent gigs here, and this album is a happy reminder that we don't have to wait for them to come back to listen to that distinctive POCO sound. (But come back anyways.) There is an empathy between these musicians that rarely exists . Jim Messina, Tim Schmit, Richie Furay, Rusty Young, and George Grantham. That's POCO, who made this marvelous album. Most of the songs are by Furay, and they are of incomparable country influence and good taste. The instrumental work is the very best in country-rock--particularly the pedal steel guitar work of Young. They've got it together- and their going to be around a long time.

TONIGHT I'M SINGING JUST FOR YOU
country joe mcdonald on vanguard

Country Joe does the full country thing, finally. This is not a country-rock album. It is pure country, recorded in Tennessee, with generous backup by top country musicians (including Grady Martin and . Norbert Putnam of Area Code 615). Joe's voice is suited to this music, and with clean backup, this album comes across as a distinct winner. Songs like "Ring of Fire","Tennessee Stud", "Heartaches By the Number" and "Friend, I'M Singing Just for You" set the mood. Nice stuff.

JOHN SIMON's ALBUM-John Simon
Warner Brothers

This is JohnSimon's album. About time,too. He has produced so many for other people, that he deserves this chance. So now that he's got it, he's given us a beautifully low-key classic. Beautiful songs, with backup by some fine people(like Leon Russell and Rick Danko and Garth Hudson of the Band). Excellent arangements. And Simon proves that he's as good a performer as he is a producer. He reminds one of the best points of Dylan, and Cohen, and Sebastian, and in the end , of his own self that has so oftem been reflected in other people's work. Another top-rated album from Warner-Brothers.

J. B. LENOIR - Polydor

Anyone who cares for the blues will have to listen to these last sessions by the greatly underrated and unknown Chicago bluesman, J. B. Lenoir. Lenoir died some years ago, and albums of his have only recently been released in America since his death. Maybe one of the reasons was that he was one of the few bluesmen to express the political and social persecution of his race- in songs that named names- "TaxPaying Blues" and "James Meredith" were just some of the many that named presidents and other famous personalities as the villains. This album is taken from tapes of his final recording session and each cut is interspersed with comments by Lenoir's wife to John Mayall(who produced the album, a further proff of his dedication to the blues). So, dig on it, and realize the inherent ironies of the life and times of J. B. Lenoir, and understand his chilling song titled "Born Dead".

BURRITO DELUXE, The Flying Burrito Brothers A&M

The second album, much tighter than the first, a total country conception. Strong points are the piano of Gram Parsons and steel guitar of Sneeky Pete Kleinow. While the first album was a composite of rock and country, this one is totally country in flavor. There is a very relaxed atmosphere to the session, a lack of frenetic hype. Occassional songs have a tendancy to suggest well-known numbers, but there is no specific references or descendants. Standout cut is "Wild Horses" by Mick Jagger and Keith Rivhards, but it is performed in an un-Stone like manner, an affirmation of the Burrotb character. Leon Russell is featured on the piano for this up-tempo cut. Other fine cuts include "Cody" and "Image of Me." Parsons and Creg Hillman(of the Byrds) handle the vocals in a very-natural manner, and the album conception is wholly pleasing.

WORKING MAN'S DEAD-The Grateful Dead
Warner Brothers

It takes someone like the dead to show you how good a band can be in so many ways. LIVE/DEAD was a rewarding venture into rock, and this new album is a beautiful homage to the country influence. To my mind, it is their best album, even though it is a reletively new direction(at least for the whole of it). Garcia, whom some people consider to be the top guitarist in rock, sets down lines with the same strength that he brings to his vocals. He's never sounded better. The songs, by Bob Hunter, are beautifully written, with a facility for proper language. And the harmonies are so natural. Its just a top album all around, and perhaps "Black Peter" and "Hightime" are the best cuts. Top stuff.

GASOLINE ALLEY-Rod Stewart
Mercury

Stewart's best album so far. Unusual deal, for he still records with Small Faces on another label, but no matter. Backed by a very together group, Stewart runs the gamut from folk-orientation ("Country Comforts","Only a Hobo" and the title song) to hard rock("My Way of Giving" and "You're My Girl"). With the most distinctive voice in rock, Stewart is quickly becoming a superstar. Luckily, he still knows how to work with other musicians, so this steady stream of albums featuring Rod Stewart is probably just beginning.

FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS- ORNETTE LIVE AT PRINCE STREET- Ornette Coleman
Flying Dutchman

Suffice it to say that if you dig Ornette, you'll dig this new album. As usual there is the exuberance of being alive and of being there(the audience i partial composer tothe title song). Besides Ornette(who appears on a number of instrumenst
instrumenst
instruments-alto sax,trm
instruments-alto sax,trumpet and violin),the group consists of Charlie Haden(bass),Dewey Redman(tenor sax) and Red Blackwell(drums). Noone has ever properly described Ornette's style, so I won't even try. It does sometimes require patience. But it is exuberant , and this album does feature two interesting long cuts,"Long Time No See" and "Tomorrow". Patience

---

SABICAS-ROCK ENCOUNTER, with Joe Beck
Polydor

An intriguing idea. Match the world's foremost Flamenco guitarist with one of rock;s most competent -Joe Beck. The result is a pleasing amalgamem of music in which the Flamenco flavor is thematically dominating;each composition(with one exception) is a collaboration between the two stylists, and it is quite interesting to watch the transference of influences. Something different.

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BUCKMINSTER FULLER

FROM CORPUS

Having solved one of Nature's Riddles and patented her Basic Structure, Bucky Fuller wants to save the world from Oblivion.
His road map to Utopia goes like this:
Man has always had all he needed. He lived on an earth with infinite amounts of all the raw materials from which to fashion the good life. He took the easiest route to wealth.
Now the earth is in trouble. The fossile fuels are depleted, populations explode, the Earth's ecology is traumatized by greed and carelessness, and man can always push the button and blow himself away.
Enter Buckminster Fuller with The Torch of Hope.
"The Design Science Invention Revolution carried out by students and scientists can save Man and make him a success, if nuclear obliteration can be staved off for the next 30 years."
Utopia or Oblivion is Fuller's Gospel of the Salvation of Spaceship Earth.

• • •

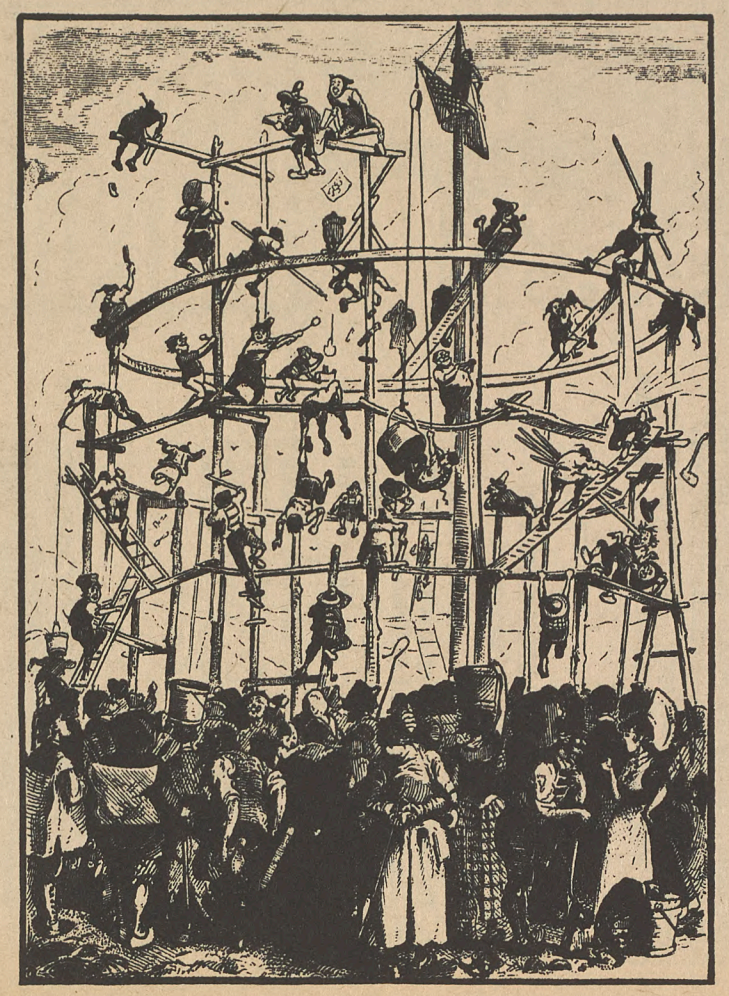
Bucky Fuller must be classified among that curious American species of wigged-out inventor-capitalists translated by Puckish Fame into a most wonderous creature to behold.
He is Thomas Edison of a Thousand and One Inventions crossed with Henry Ford and his Ship of Peace.
Patent number 2,682,235 issued in June 1954 translated R. Buckminster Fuller. He was no longer the mad scientist tinkering in his basement. The patenting of the Geodesic Dome legitamized Fuller. He was a success and the 5% royalties on every dome constructed qjickly made him wealthy.
In America Success, Money and Power do not corrupt. Success glorifies. Money cannonizes. Absolute Power deifies. Whether a Rockefeller or a Ford is the Force of Good or the Force of Evil is irrelevant. By God and Free Enterprise they are gods.
The Geodesic Dome insured Fuller's cannonization. Today Fuller is a Latter Day Saint of the Only in America Through Industrialization Thanks to Free Enterprise Can We Save the World Church of Metaphysical Pragmatism.
Prophet of the Design Science Invention Revolution, consultant to NASA (he explains why the Moon shot is good for humanity) and touted by the Whole Earth Catalog, Fuller is embracing the most antagonistic elements in the U.S. today.
Fuller didn't intend to become an inventor or a capitalist. He wanted to save the world. And he still does.
He told his biographer R. W. Marks:
"I did not set out to design a house that hung from a pole, or to manufacture a new type of automobile, invent a new system of map projection, develop geodesic domes or Energetic Geometry. I started with the universe—as an organization of regenerative principles frequently manifest as energy systems of which all our experiences, and possible experiences, are only local instances. My objective was humanity's comprehensive success in the universe. I could have ended up with a pair of flying slippers."
Utopia or Oblivion chronicles how Fuller did all the things he didn't plan to do and outlines all the things he would like to do to save the world now. The twelve chapters in the book are comprised primarily of speeches Fuller has delivered in the past five years as he jets around the world spreading his gospel. Because Fuller is an extemporaneous speaker who prefers to think out loud in front of his audience, the book can become abrasively repetitious when you find yourself reading the same ancedote in four consecutive chapters.

• • •

Three years ago I spent two days with Fuller hearing him, in two speeches and in private conversations, expound many of the facts and ideas found in *Utopia or Oblivion*.
He appears to be just another retired businessman wearing an oversized tan trench coat, ready-made suits, a white shirt collar too large for his neck, hearing aid eyeglasses and an Omega watch on each wrist. Slack skin hanging from his firm jaw and his bald head wreathed by close cropped white hair give witness to his 75 years.
Buckminster Fuller delivers an address that accelerates like a smoke-belching steam engine. He fidgets, stammers and stutters when he begins. Then he starts to warm to his topic—the delivery becomes smooth and quick. The ideas energize his body. He gesticulates with his arms as if they were pistons reacting to an explosion of thought. The concepts spark from his mind until the audience experiences motion sickness trying to keep pace with his visions.
He stops. A little bewildered by the dazed audience. He begins to backpedal and plead.
"I've had people say, 'You're an optimist.' I don't like the word optimist because it means you're looking at things with rosy glasses. I'm still a mechanic. I carry a machinists card! I've commanded ships, carried beef, built buildings. I can document every thing I've said. I can make it a success."
Fuller sits down, after a two and one-half hour speech, kicks his feet quickly under the table like a child sitting on the edge of a swimming pool splashing water.
Prophesy is a hard business. One night I heard Fuller address the above plea to a small group of stunned architects. The following night most of his audience of art students walked out before he finished his speech.

• • •

Fuller's philosophy, a Complete Self-Proving Closed System of Reason, is what supports his accomplishments and visions. It also blows minds.
Fuller is a Pre-Socratic in the Post-Industrial Age. The inventor of the geodesic dome—one of the most important architectural breakthroughs in modern times—is the first man since the Ancient Greeks to formulate a philosophy on the mathematical principle of the triangle.
Pythagoras discovered the proposition about right-angled triangles, that the sum of the squares on the sides adjoining the right angle is equal to the square on the remaining side, the hypotenuse.
The Decad—a series of ten dots arranged in four rows to form an equilaterial triangle—was revered by the Pythgoreans as a mystical symbol of the mathematical harmony of the universe.
Plato was apparently the last philosopher (before Fuller) to take triangles seriously. The "Timaeus" states the true elements of the material world are not earth, air, fire and water, but two kinds of right-angled triangles. The two types of triangles, Plato wrote, are the most beautiful forms and therefore God used them in constructing matter.
Fuller's comprehensive statement of his Philosophy is laid out in a chapter entitled "Design Strategy." In it he lists 40 Strategic Questions which he has spent his life trying to answer and 14 Dominate Concepts unique to his philosophy.
Fuller's Cosmology envisions the triangle and especially its derivative form, the tetrahedron, as the basic structural form of the universe.
"Universe, by definition, and its derivative concepts are synergetic. Synergy, as you know, means unique behaviors of whole systems unpredicated by any behaviors of their component functions taken separately.
"Some of ancient Greece's natural philosphers and geometers took effective advantage of synergy when they recognized that the sum of the angles of a plane triangle is always 180^{0}, or exactly one-half of cyclic unity—with unity taken as 360^{0}—ergo unity equals two triangles. I assumed in 1917 that 'unity is plural and at minimum two.'
"The stable structural behavior of a whole triangle, which consists of three edges and three individually and independently unstable angles or a total of six components, is not predicted by any one or two of its angles or edges taken by themselves. The six edges of the two triangles can and frequently do associate with one another, one as left helix and the other as right helix, to form the six-edged tetrahedron which having four triangular faces gives synergetic demonstration of four triangles occurring as the result of associating only two triangles."
Fuller applied Einstein's conclusions that change and motion, rather than Newtonian stasis, are the norm in the universe. He developed a geometry of the lines of force called vectors and found that four vectors intersecting one point in the form of a tetrahedron were the simplest, therefore first, identifiable "system" in the universe.
The Geodesic Dome is Fuller's definitive demonstration of Energetic Geometry. The Dome's prodigious strength is due to the synergetic combination of interlocking tetrahedrons and io icosahedrons that balance the forces of tension and compression thus distributing stresses evenly throughout the structure. The Dome can enclose the same span-volume relations with an average weight of 3% of the best materials for any alternate structure.
Having patented Nature's primary structural system, Fuller goes on to conclude that "All of Nature's formulating is tetrahedronally coordinate." When Bucky told this to C.P. Snow, Lord Snow was inclined to agree.
Fuller doesn't stop with this.
He says that all human "understanding is symetrically tetrahedronal."
Buckminster Fuller's Prime concern today is to change the external world of man. He realizes that it would be impossible to change man in a lifetime, but is hopeful that the environment can be changed.
Fuller regards the 20th Century and in particular the next 30 years as crucial in the history of the human race.



Thomas Malthus the British statistician determined in the 1930's that man was reproducing himself faster than he could feed himself. Then Charles Darwin announced his theory of evolution and the law of "survival of the fittest."
Political systems based their ideologies on these two assumptions. They asked, "How do you get along without enough?" And the reply was, "Our side has the best chance to survive."
Great arms races developed between ideologies. All the scientists were employed to develop more powerful weapons.
"For the first time in history you can't use your greatest weapon," Fuller writes. "Yet both sides assume warfare."
Fuller disputes the conclusions and together with some other scientists believes that advanced technology will be able to handle the population explosion.

So how's Bucky going to save the world from annhilation?
That too is wrapped in the triangle and tetrahedron. Wouldn't you know it.
Fuller supports and augments his theory of Utopia with his private diary, the Chronofile, and his Inventory of World Resources Human Trends and Needs.
Fuller's theory for Utopia goes like this:
Since the triangle encloses a space most efficiently and a tetrahedron is the elemental system of the universe illustrates Nature's method of doing everything in the simplest, most efficient manner. Fuller observes that man has never followed this example, rather he has done things in the Easiest way with no regard for efficiency.
Only a small group of men have used Nature efficiently. Sailors, and more recently aviators and spacemen were removed from the earth's land masses and forced to get maximum performance out of every pound of matter in their ships. They had to do more with less. Scientists showed them how.
Throughout the book Fuller recites again and again how the standard of living has risen since the turn of the century so that now over 44% of mankind enjoys the highest standard of living ever attained while only 1% of humanity enjoyed this in 1900. All this is a result of industrialization, while at the same time material resources per capita were diminishing. This phenomenon is explained by what Fuller calls ephemeralization—the doing of ever more with ever less, per given resource units of pounds, time, and energy.
The Law of Conservation of Energy states that energy can be neither created or destroyed. Knowledge can only increase. Wealth defined as the combination of Energy and Intellect can only increase.
"Ephemeralization was vastly augmenting the standards of living of ever increasing numbers, but only inadvertently, as fallout from the defense-subsidized preoccupation of science with a weaponry supporting industrialization."
If the present rate of "scientific fallout" continues, 100% of the human race will enjoy a high standard of living by the year 2000, even if the present rising birth rate is not curbed.
"How to Make the World Work," a computerized game developed by Fuller and Southern Illinois University was designed to show the validity of his theory and to hone the processes by which Man invents Utopia.
Fuller, further concludes, that this high standard of living will abolish war and because man has no desire to fight when his wants are satisfied.
Yes, Friends, the Military-Industrial complex is your Savior if it doesn't kill you first.
This is where I part company with the Utopian theory of R. Buckminster Fuller.
One of Bucky's favorite parables (I have it at least twice in my three-year-old notes and it appears in almost every essay in his new book) goes as follows:
If all the world's politicians's were sent on a trip around the sun, they wouldn't be missed. Man would go on eating, he might even be better off. But if all the world's machines were sunk to the bottom of the ocean, two billion people would die within six months.
You may be perfectly right Bucky, but GODDAMMIT MAN politicians are not going off in space! Not now! Not ever!
Throughout *Utopia or Oblivion* Fuller blithely ignores those facts that are hanging up Mankind (and could hangup his neat tetrahedronal philosophy) as much as Science and Industrialization are helping humanity.
Not that Fuller doesn't deplore the way things are. He does. But, and this is where I lost faith, he ignores it.
He ignores politicians. He ignores the Military-Industrial Complex. He ignores the fact that Standard Oil, Royal Dutch Shell, Gulf and a few other oil companies are sucking the world dry. He ignores the fact that four out of five American dollars being invested by Big Business are being used to buy up the rest of the world. He ignores the fact that only 100,000 people (or less) own over 90% of the United States' private wealth and that they are heavily subsidized by a government that starts Socialism at the top and so little filters down that one-third of the richest nation lives in poverty.
Yeah, sure, Buckminster Fuller knows these harsh realities. He documents many of them in his book. In his philosophy he ignores them. He sends them around the sun with the politicians or he disqualifies them from playing his Electronic Salvation Game, because they start a war.
His only answer to these myriad problems all bound inextricably with the concepts of Private Property is found in "Design Strategy."
"Physical or 'natural' law has no inherent static "property" law—only behavior properties. Nature's laws of evolution defy all static patterns. Entropy breaks them up. "Ownership" is not immoral, ammoral, or ethically unsound. Physical "ownership" is antientropic—ergo, eventually unsustainable.
The Design Science Revolution envisioned by Fuller is the spontaneous combustion of students and scientists discarding the shackles of the Universities, Businesses and Governments and independently inventing the tools that will create Utopia by the year 2000.
If Buckminster Fuller is right and we do achieve his Utopia—a Rockefeller will own it.
Utopia would be Oblivion.
By Allen Nelson
Utopia or Oblivion: The Prospects for Humanity. R. Buckminister Fuller. A Bantam Book, 1969. $1.25.

Toward Oblivion with a design-science-invention revolution.

He always
He always wanted to explain things.
But no one cared.
So he drew.
Sometimes he would draw and it wasn't anything.
He wanted to carve it in stone or write it in the sky.
He would lie out on the grass and look up at the sky
And it would be only the sky and him and the things inside him that needed saying.
And it was after that,he drew the picture.
It was a beautiful picture.
He kept it under his pillow and would let no one see it.
And he would look at it every night and think about it.
And when it was dark, and his eyes were closed, he could still see it.
And it was all of him.
And he loved it.
When he started school he brought it with him.
Not to show anyone, but just to have it with him like a friend.
It was funny about school.
He sat in a square,brown desk
Like all the other square,brown desks
Andhe thought it should be red
And his room was a square,brown room,
Like all the other rooms.
And it was tight and close.
And stiff.
He hated to hold the pencil and chalk,
With his arm stiff and his feet flat on the floor,
Stiff.
With the teacher watching and watching.
The teacher came and spoke to him.
She told him to wear a tie like all the other boys.
He said he didn't like them.
And she said it didn't matter
After that they drew
And he drew all yellow and it was the way he felt about morning.
And it was beautiful.
The teacher came and smiled at him.
"What's this?"she said,"why don't you draw something like Ken's drawing?"
"Isn't that beautiful?"
After that his mother bought him a tie.
And he always drew airplanes and rocketships like everyone else.
And he threw the old picture away.
And when he lay out alone looking out at the sky
It was big and blue and all of everything,
But he wasn't anymore
He was square inside and brown
And his hands were stiff.
And he was like everyone else.
And the things inside him that needed saying didn't need it anymore,
It had stopped pushing
It was crushed
Stiff.
Like everything else.

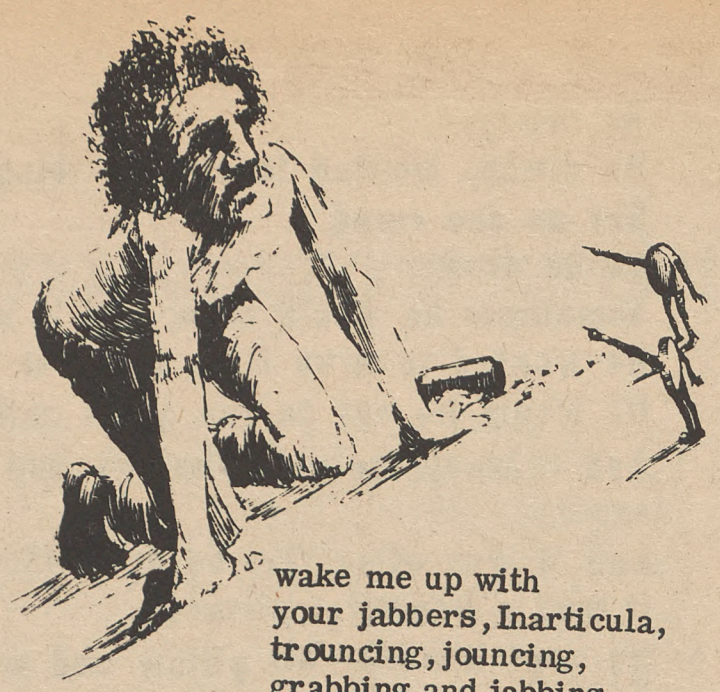
(This Poem handed to a Grade 12 English teacher in Regina.
Two weeks later the student committed suicide)

reprinted from THE DAILY PLANET, Miami

a poet from North Viet Nam
footsoldier by career & nothing else
deserted recently the guns
left both his gunfed hungry pals
& stationed in the jungle
his bones
all his bones
beside an allies-created trail
of plastic sheeting
used
to ferret out
(& ferret bra ely) all ferrets
in ferretland
(where ferrets once roamed free)

and as the just-in case patrol
of six hundred fifty
Pepsi-fed
sky-blue-eyed sheep
in masturbation drab
and ejaculating napalm for camouflage
approached the spot
the vermin poet reluctantly
& fearlessly stood up
with a tip of green branch in his hand.
AMBUSH
shrieked the leadman
FIRE AT WILL
& raised a standard issue hand to slap
the Asian bush that smacked his chops.

Poems by Jesse Lou McCarty



wake me up with
your jabbers, Inarticula,
trouncing, jouncing,
grabbing and jabbing--
Flabling! --gooily
strewing your strew
and reckless of genitals, avast
and be full of care! though laugh
me in my ears brain
laughing at you-in-m'-sheets, laugh
in you
laugh in you
laugh in you, laughing, pestering

waking me up!
shrieking! screegging and giggling
wide-eyed.
my own blood
walking: wake me with jabbers,
girl,
sit down on my ribs.

Zo, summer 68

7:30 in the morning
in the house beside the tree
a branch & windowscreen
between the counterparts:

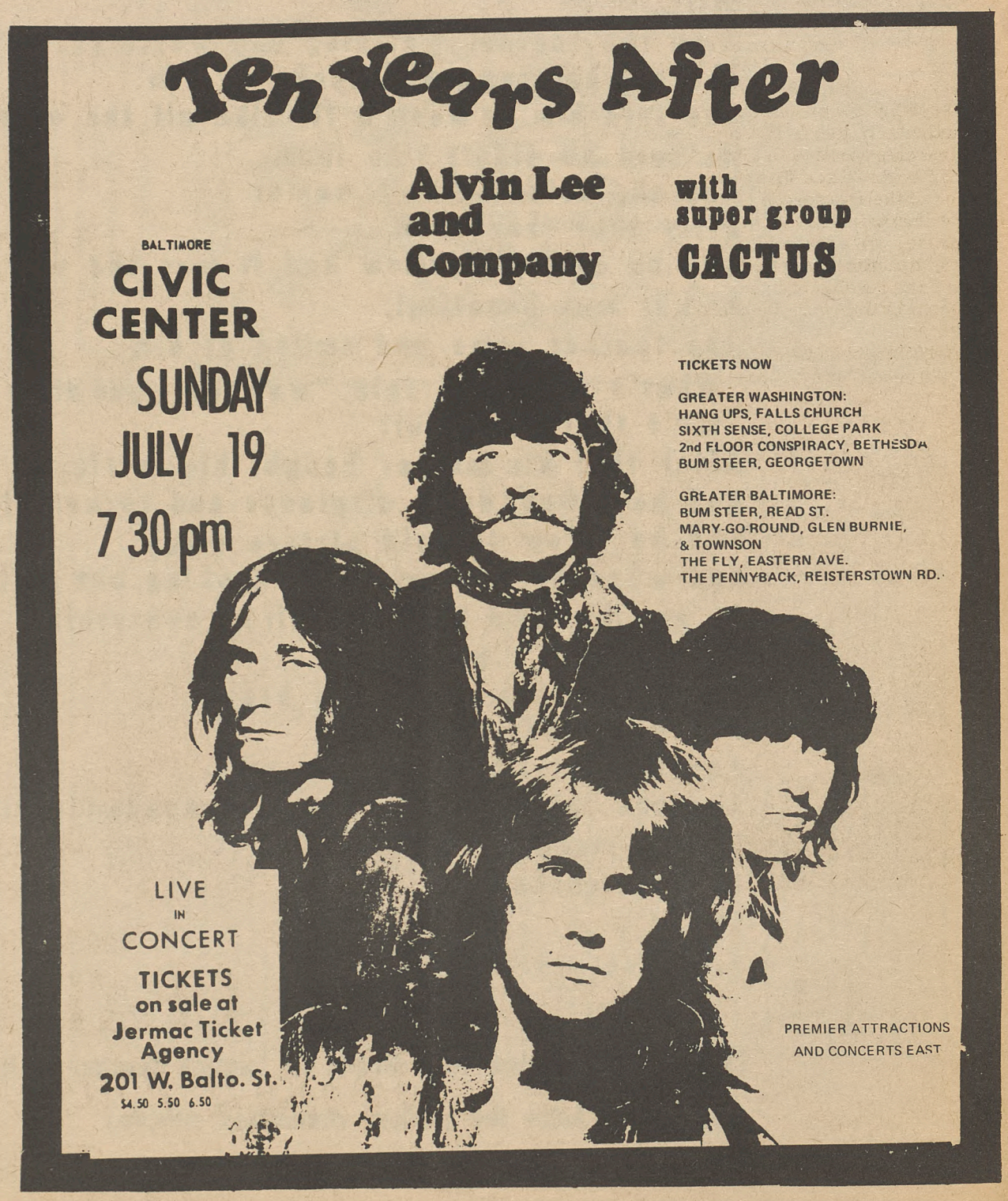
the sunball & the baby's face.

The earth has turned
the tiny girl
from out the dew & gloam
and bees had tugged at flowers
when the light was younger yet.

the baby sleeping evenly
breathes rythms far from noon
and her face is a

source
Oh! it is early
sought by sun.

shadows of mimosa leaves
manipulate her dreams



GALLERY

THE CUMMINGS COLLECTION AT THE NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART

Washington is one of the few American cities denied a really fine permanent collection of modern art. Excellent as the Phillips Collection is, it is greatly lacking in as many areas as it is admirable in others. The Fine Arts Museum has only the beginnings of a good contemporary collection. The National Gallery's permanent collection is again sparse, and certainly not in the same class as Philadelphia's Metropolitan or New York's fine museums.

The Hirshorn museum is expected .to be in operation within the next two years or so and only then will we possibly be able to have our own representatives of contemporary art for our own appreciation and study. There is no doubt that the Hirshorn collection will be a greatly needed addition, not only for the city's populace, but also for the millions of visitors that frequent the Mall each year. Hopefully, they also will be able to appreciate mankind in another way than through the obscene art of Bob Hope.

If one does not want to wait until the doughnut goes up on the Mall, take a trip to the National Gallery now. The summer exhibition is composed of highlights from the Nathan Cummings collection, and it is indeed an excellent collection on display. Although to be comprehensive in modern art the collection has far to go, it is to be greatly appreciated that works of some of the last century's excellent but lesser-known artists are included. Occupying the prime position at the entrance is a giant Eduoard Vuillard from 1918. "Public Garden" is a magnificent, expansive, and visually beautiful work. The artists has incorporated influences from art-nouveau and the mid-impressionists eras with a fine sense of color that would make the color schools of today take a second and third look.

Less flamboyant in size are works by Jawlensky, Soutine, Van Dongen and Kirschner, to name a few of the less famous names. The three Soutine paintings are very fine. They are good representatives of his careful sense of color and mood in his very personal but expressive style. Holding down the fort for the Fauves is a Van Dongen from 1911, which is not as wild as the artists's later works, yet is everything the movement was at that date.

Particularly fine is the'hight street scene" by Kirschner, painted in 1925. In this work, one can begin to see Kirschener as a forerunner of the murderous day-glo and neon colors that painters discovered ten years ago en-masse. His sense of space, mood and movement is beautifully applied and somehow the overall impression is one of mystery and somberness in a work that first appears gaudy and harsh.

Some of the works of the"modern masters" are a little less exciting. Nevertheless, I would say that it is worth a look-see at the ones by Roualt, Mattisse, Monet, Moore, and Giacometti. It is not every day they happen by. Definitely worth a good look-see are the works by Pissarro, Braque, Kandinsky, Dubuffet, Leger, Picasso and Monet. One Braque in particular, from 1906, gives opportunity to see the genius of the man before cubism eclipsed half the universe.

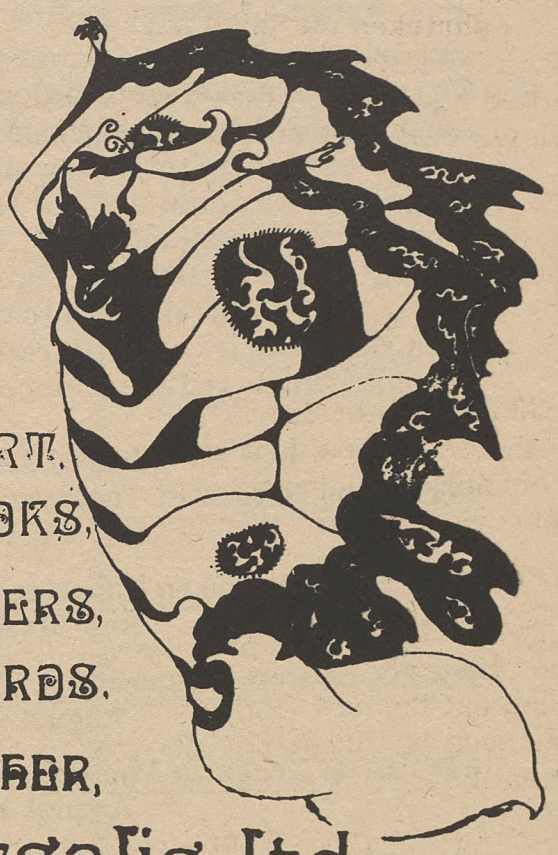
Five very fine paintings by Kandinsky are one of the highpoints of the exhibition. All from the late 20's and early 30's, they are of very controlled construction and heavily reminiscent of influences from constructivism. Indeed they are among the few completely abstract works in the show. Three of the five "Layers", the "Conversation", and "Calm" really make it.

Two Dubuffets' from his best period, highly tactile and meticulously rendered, are again two more good reasons to see the Cummings collection. Also outstanding is "Bathers" by Roger De La Fresnaye, 1912, and two Picassos; "Woman, Sculpture, and Voice" from 1912 in a large black-grey and white proudly quiet work of extreme simplicity---"Woman with a flower", 1932 is similar indesign but richly colored and is nothing less than splendid.

To complete the list of big names, add a Modigliani 1917 painting of one of his classic nudes; four very interesting Degas crayons and pastels, one very dull Gaugin, and one magnificent Monet titled "Mount Koesaas", 1895.

No doubt many a visitor will be drawn by "The Outskirts of Paris" by Van Gogh. Nothing in this small painting done in1887 gives any clue that the sad man would kill himself in less than four years. Broad use of color, the deep earthy and the sunny alive, typify this quiet, happy, thoughtful and serious, extremely nice bit of genius.

M. RUTT



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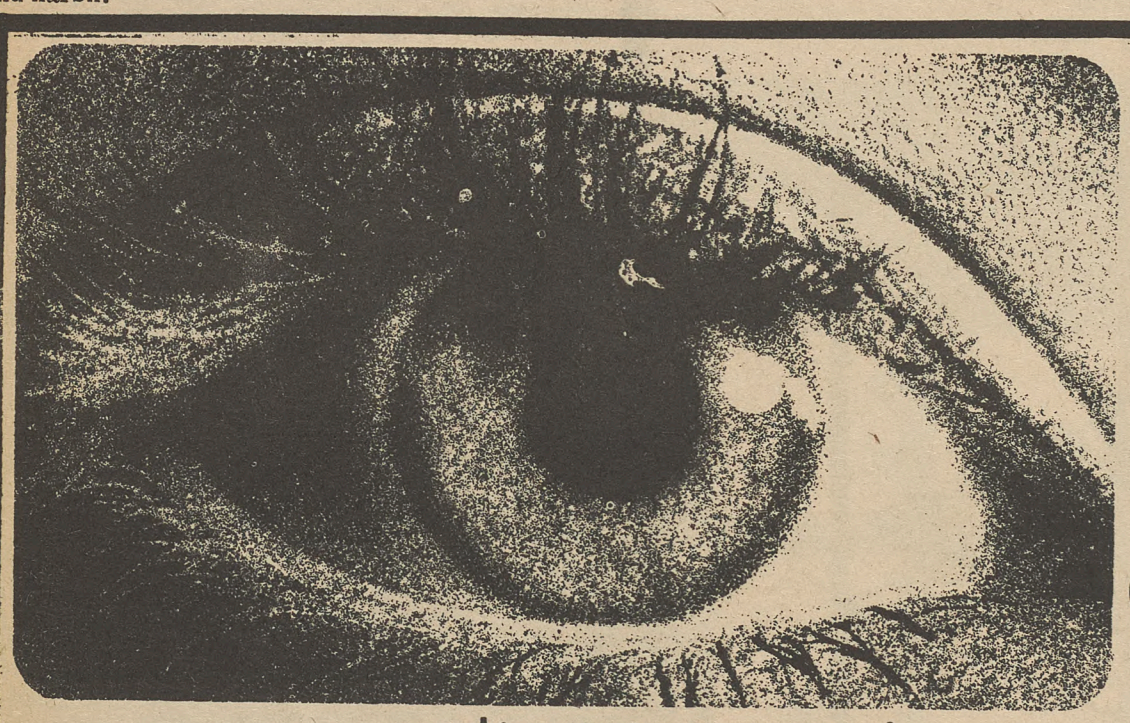

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The Board of Directors of Back Alley Theater has issued a policy statement which commits the theater to the production of works "which are relevant to, and comment on, the current conditions prevalent in society." As a comunity thet
ity theater, Back Alley feels a strong responsibility to perform not only works that are specifically meaningful to the community the theater serves but also to provide an outlet where social issues of the day can be aired through the medium of the performing arts.

It is out of this commitment and purpose that Back Alley's new series, FOCUS, was born. The format is simple: a series of staged readings and interpretations from theatrical material that deals with vital issues in today's world. The commentary will come from a panel composed of community leaders representing groups with specific positions on each of thes e issues; the reaction is to come from the audinece in a dialogue between audience, panelists, and actors, after the formal presentations. To insure a meaningful dialogue, representatives from a wide variety of organizations and groups have been invited: professionals in the performing arts and the National Welfare Rights Organization; the Mattachine Society and established religions; the American Civil Liberties Unuion and the John Birch Society; the Blackman's Development Center and the American Legion.

FOCUS SCHEDULE

FOCUS on Blacks in Theater:
July 17, 18, 24 and 25

FOCUS on Prison in Theater:
July 31, August 1, 7 and 8

FOCUS on Homosexuality in Theater:
August 14, 15, 21 and 22

FOCUS on Drugs in Theater:
August 28 and 29

All performances are at 8:30 p.m. No reservations are necessary. A $2 donation will be requested at the door. For further information call The Back Alley Theater: 723-2040 or contact Judy Turnbull: 462-6507 (evenings).

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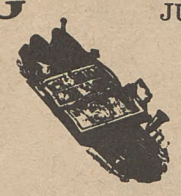


by
JUDY WILLIS

FAMOUS LONG AGO. MY LIFE AND HARD TIMES WITH LIBERATION NEWS SERVICE by Raymond Mungo, Beacon Press, Boston, 1970, 202 pages $2.95, paper

In an autobiography, and a biography of the underground news service which he and the late Marshall Bloom founded, Ray Mungo gives us an excellent picture of the strife which tears at the radical left. Although the title implies nostalgia for the good old days of the mid to late 60's, this glimpse into the recent past is not likely to conjure up many fond reminiscences. Instead, the history of LNS impinges painfully upon the present, bringing to mind the doctrinism, misunderstanding and selfish squabbles current among men who would call one another "brother".

Mungo and Bloom started LNS in Washington. After achieving notoriety, they moved the operation to New York City where differences in ideology soo developed between what Mungo calls the "Virtuous Caucaus" and the "Vulgar Marxists". Deeply dissilusioned, the founders heisted their own offset from the New York LNS office to a communal farm in Monague, Mass.

FAMOUS LONG AGO describes the fracturing of what was known as "the movement" into splinter groups of "revolutionaries". Some revolutionaries have become militant almost to the point of becoming military, while others take the revolution with a toke of grass --- and a giggle. Still others, like Mungo, can't take at all a revolution which never comes off. Their dreams dismantled, they have taken to the hills, not to return as liberators, but to live in exile both from the unsalvageable American culture which has co-opted their "revolution" for its TV commercials, and from the counter-culture of youthful "revolutionaries" which they helped to create.

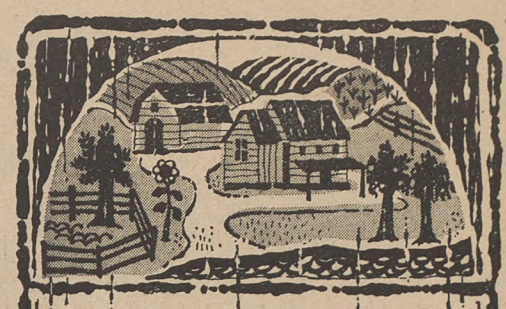
Writing from the refuge of his present home, a commune in Vermont, Mungo tell of numerous idealogical splits within the movement and of "our absolute frustration at being unable to change the world using the conventional methods of politics and violence." The story moves from the lightheartedness with which LNS was undertaken, to the bitterness which resulted from being constantly up against the wall, to the Romanticism of going back to nature in the fields and woods of Vermont.

"We are reliving the last days of the movement; we are watching the movement die," says Mungo. And this cynicism, this sense of doom, this mourning, pervades the book. Mungo's flights into reaffirmation of rustic simplicity are refreshing, but not quite convincing. I got the feeling that this was not so much a way of life that he would choose above all others, but rather one which he is forced to choose for want of any other way to live at peace with himself.

In terms of mood, the book falls into three sections. The first is a fast-paced and witty description of the setting up of LNS in Washington. It swirls with exhiliration and confusion, and is peppered with friendly freaks who gravitated around LNS. The second section is saved from being utterly depressing only by Mungo's sense of humor. He makes the plotting and carrying out of the "heist" --- a desperate act, sound like a slapstick routine. These two sections --- and cities --- are tied together by a travel diary which was written when Mungo and friends crossed and recrossed the country from Selma to Austin to L.A. to Omaha to Chicago and finally back to D.C. again. The diary, itself a swift hodge-podge of impressions, conveys and emphasises Mungo's chaotic feelings which culminated in the decision to move LNS from Washington to New York. The third section, that which briefly describes the first year on Mungo's Vermont far,, is a burst of lyricism rescuing the author, the book and us from complete pessimism.

The only thing that turned me off about Mungo's style was his attempts at chattiness. For instance, his repeatedly addressing me as "dear reader" and such passages as "We were accused of being financed by China, Russia and North Viet Nam; haw, haw..." struck me as being contrived and corny.

Somewhere in the book (skimming through it several times I couldn't find the exact quote, but I know it's there) Mungo says something like (or maybe exactly): he hasn't changed the names because nobody is innocent anymore. Those among the least innocent who've been around the D.C. scene for more than a couple of years will probably find themselves or their friends in the acknowledgements or on pp. 26-33 and 71-74, for you speed-reading freaks. But names of people you know are sprinkled throughout, and the book has value far beyond that of naming names. So why don't you read the whole thing. Slowly. As Mungo suggests.



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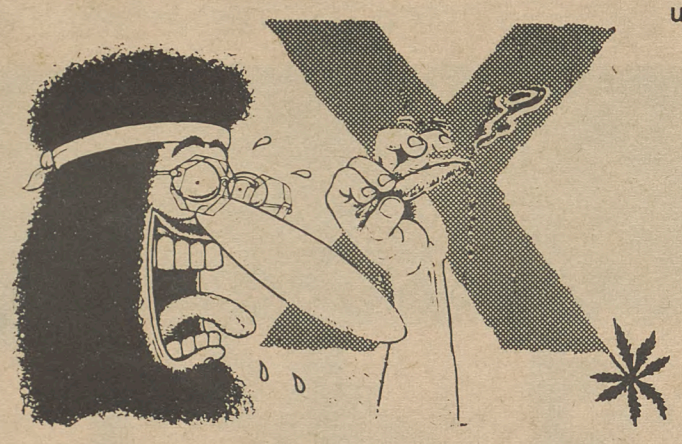

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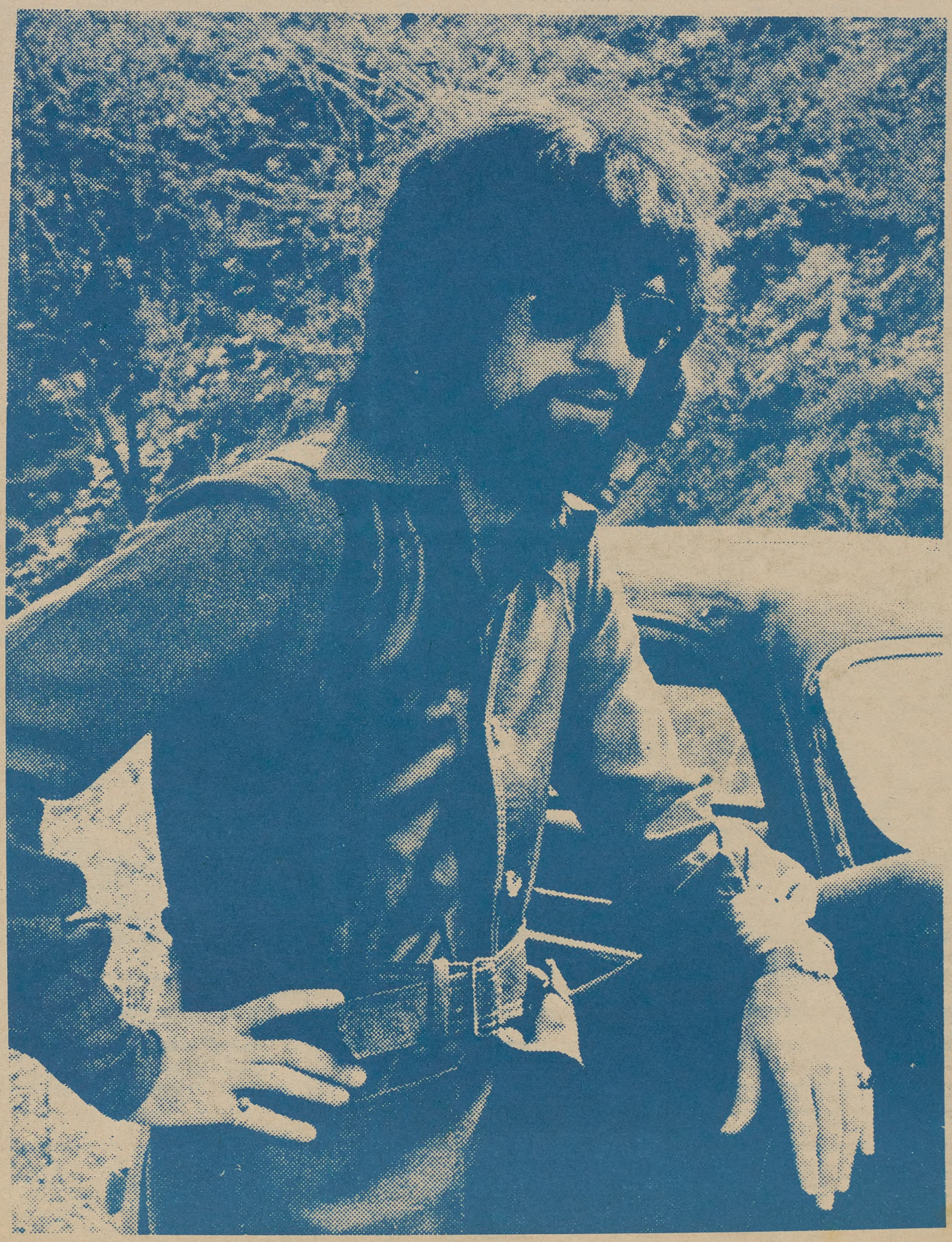

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